

Extracts.

A REGION OF GRANDEUR IN ENGLAND.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.
I look into the past—no night and no day;
A gorse bush burn golden in the light;
A lane alive with wild anemones;
"Glimmering" down the day dawns calm and bright;
A sea of red andumber floods the sky;
The very roses yearn earthward in its love,
And pale wan blossoms lift their petals high;
To meet the great life giving sun above;
Earth trembles at the advent of the day;
The little town beyond lies still and gay;
But we have risen to watch the dawning light.

There is a temple where the fainting heart—
May enter in and dwell with love awhile;
The on the earth yet from the earth apart,
Where mystic music will the soul subdue;
And we together will in and feel
Empire that thrill impulsive hearts like ours;
And at the shrine of love we lowly kneel.

And gather there immortal love's first flowers.

The town wakes up and half the day is spent,

When from love's high height we peer below,

But, nithless, in our bliss we are content;

And fair would linger till the evening glow.

I look into the future and I see—

The past receding like a transient dream.

Joy spreads her wings and is about to flee,

One wondrous change, what can the future mean?

All loves were weak compared with ours that day;

As when it was at the time the sun did shine;

But, finally, hath caused one to stray

And wreck the hope of all this life of mine,

O sweetest joys that did to sorrow tend;

We were so close and now apart must dwell;

To the world we call each other friend.

This is the end, and we have said "farewell."

MAX.

GIPSY RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.

That the real religion of the gypsies, as I have already observed, consists like that of the Comtois, in devotion to the dead, is indicated by a very extraordinary custom, which, notwithstanding the very general decay, of late years, of all their old habits, still prevails universally. This is the refrain from some usage or indulgence in honour of the departed—a sacrifice, as it were, to their master—and I believe that, by incurring, it will be found to exist among all gypsies in all parts of the world. In England it is shown by observances which are maintained at great personal inconvenience, sometimes for years, during life. Thus, there are many gypsies who, because a deceased brother was fond of spirits, have refrained, after his departure, from casting them, or who have given up their favourite pursuits, for the reason that they were last indulged in, in company with the lost and loved one. From "The English Gypsies and their Language."

JOINTINGS ABOUT LITERATURE AND LITERATE MEN.

Who, again, can wend his way on a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and pass through the lowly chambers of the birthplace

of Shakespeare, and sit beside his tomb in the chancel of the ancient and interesting church, without returning home to pore over the works of the immortal bard, if he never studied them before? Elizur's poetical visit

to the small country church near Newstead Abbey where "interred the bones" of perhaps the greatest genius this country has produced since the days of Shakespeare and Milton, but which, to the eternal disgrace of the clergy concerned, who presumed to usurp the functions of the "judge of all the earth," were turned away from the very doors of the old abbey which can never be completed until the dead Byron is received there.

Many, too, will turn their footsteps northwards to "Caledonia, stern and wild," and pay their homage to the genius of Scott at Abbotsford, or at his grave amid the ruined arches of Dryburgh Abbey, an appropriate resting-place for the poet and writer of fiction who brought to life again the dry bones of the days of chivalry, and has made us all, at every period of life, from youth to age, pore over the magic pages of the Wizard of the North. Poësies sleep in the little church at Twickenham, next to the villa rendered famous by his genius. Thomson at Richmond, beneath whose shade he lived and wrote; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke Poësies, where he passed his incomparable "Elegy"; Coleridge and Southey near to their "ancient walks and daily neighbourhood"; Milton and Bunyan in the heart of busy London, where so many years of the life of the former were passed. But what a wealth of genius is there not garnered up within the sacred walls of Westminster! Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry," whose long sleep here dates from the year 1400, and Spenser, "the Prince of Poësies in his time"; the "melancholy Cowley," he calls himself, and "glorious Dryden," "the Ben Jonson," and "dreadful Beaumont," "Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved"; Michael Drayton and the witty Prior; Gay, author of the "Beggar's Opera," and the highly cultivated, courtly Addison; the warm-hearted, eccentric Johnson, and Thomas Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" and numerous noble lyrics; Abraham Cowley, "majestic Dunham," and Nicholas Rowe; Souther, equally celebrated writer and poet; and Oliver Goldsmith, a true child of genius, whose "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Deserted Village" can surely never be surpassed. Then, not less worthy to share this glorious "fellowship of death" are our more modern literati, Lords Macaulay and Lytton—best known under the name of Bulwer—Thackeray, and Dickens. These are names that have made the Victorian age only less famous than the Elizabethan. Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Dickens," has stated that the writer of "Pleasure" experienced the truth of the axiom that "publishers are not better judges of an author, and are seldom safe persons to consult in regard to the fate or fortunes that may probably await him," the clever author of "Lolita" has also recorded his opinion that "critics are men who have failed in literature." There is, doubtless, some truth in this; but it is no less a matter of fact that critics and publishers are oftentimes less severe on writers than they are upon one another; this arises from jealousy and self-interest, which prevents them from acknowledging the full merits of rivals, whose style or theories may be different from their own. Again, some practically minded people gravely ask you, "What is the use of poetry?" and it is of no material benefit they regard with contempt poets and all their works. It is said of a very great man, Sir Isaac Newton, that he acknowledged "Paradise Lost" was "a fine poem," but he added, "what does it prove?" The learned Bishop Hackett, says a writer, called Milton a "petty schoolboy scribbler," and the celebrated Barrow, who regarded poetry as "ingenious nonsense, wrote of him as "one Milton"; Burnet also spoke of another poet as "one Prior," and Shenstone, who chiefly owed his reputation to his imperfect imitations of Spenser, on his failure to criticize the latter. Addison also wrote contemptuously of the same great poet, whose wealth of imagination all have admired; and yet it would appear that he did not read the "Faery Queen" until fifteen years afterwards. Both Addison and Cowley found fault with Chancery, and Dryden suggests that he was, perhaps, too much shocked at the poet's rough and antique style to search into his humour and good sense; and doubtless many of our readers have for the same reasons refrained from more than "dipping into" the famous work of the father of English Poetry, "Golden Hours."

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